View From The Bottom

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akwai

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The war goes on; every month the U.S. creates more martyrs to its monumental capital ist-imperialist ego. A million Vietnamese have been killed protecting their homeland from the members of the New York Stock Exchange, and more than forty thousand Ameri- cans have died for the American dream.... In the last two months it has be- come ac- ceptible even chic- to protest again st the war. Joining the moratorium has in some circles ta- ken on the same status as working in the lo- cal blood drive. The October 15 event on the Green was me ant to sh - ow how wide- spread it is hat- red of the war, here, and it re- ally did.... the moratorium lea- dership, both na- tional and loc- al, be lieves that the way to end the war is to bri ng to- gether the majority of "mi dd le America" to dem- onstrate the op- position of Mo st Amer- icans to the war. Their first mo ve was a series of large rallies, which sho wed the number of their they plan to bring loc al Congressmen home onings of "the folks back home."... It won't work. is as a fir st step in de- veloping vocal opposition to idea of the nature of Ameri- can government. Its leaders--Al liberal Demo- crats all--be- lieve that we live in a re- the pe ople" deter- mines pol- icy That's better; if you're poor, or black or br- own, opin- ion; and unl- ess it's for- ced on to it. .... No, the name of the game is power poli- Am erican bus- iness estab- lishment wa- tics, en more im- portantly, it needs to demon- nts & of people to take over and run their own coun- strate at we have to do now is show that this tries- that's bad for go to Washington on Nov. 15 ow that th- bull- shit just can't go ing ungovernable. We're not going to sh- is co- untry is A million peo ple are go- ing to de- monstrate our opin- ions--the government knows them very we- united. If the war do- ing march together, and when we co- me back home ll-- but our of people and polit- esn't end, busi- ness as usu- al wi ll not be able to go on... we're going to remem- ber that we ver and predictable ical outloo ks. Ne- xt week, Nix- on is going to The peace move- ment is a stran- of a hun- dred thou- political move. He 's going to ann- ounce co-opt a lot of ge collect- and Di ck Lee sand or 200,000 or maybe even a uni- later- the ac- celer- with a cle- heads straight will ap- plaud and call on us to ral- ly be- hind al cease- ated them draw of the North-- where Ni- at, & what he's fire. King- with- out ht % of but the xon is Tricky Dicky. It's up to man Brew- blew summer our for- trying to do. He told us he was every one ster the him on calls so creased. He told us he wi thdr- of us get our South actu- Nov. by cancelling fall draft calls un- awing stop- ping bombing everyone's show call would remain reali- ping the pulled yearly dr the bullshit as much me. troops -and jacked .... Nixon land. by acting. Wash- wants; zed th at he'd we ex- step in that action. Join the Viet- ington is the What can us November 15! namese in that's big- what a poli- the gest event struggle

New Haven work toward Washington is being coordinated by by the Committee for the Fall Offensive, 148 Orange St. 787-012 3. Buses will leave for Washington at 2 am. on Saturday, Nov. 15. Round trip costs are $15 for adults, $13.50 for students and teen-agers, $12 for children. Call the AIM office, 787-0123 for further information. **********

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The VFB is organizing a special bus for street people and freaks to go to Washington. Those interested in Progressive Rhetoric need not apply. Others who dig it should call 865-2486 and ma- k e a reser vation

Nov. 13- sup- porters. Now 14, to make clear to them the feel- The entire mora- tori- um po- sition, laudable as the war, is based on a very pretty, tut to- tally unreal, Low- enst- ein, Sam Brown and Co- mpany, sponsive democracy, in which the " will of bullshit. Any head on the street could tell th- or young, no one ever he- ars yo them they cer- tainly won't and mon- ey and status mean power. The tics, needs con- trol over Southeast Asia. An nts & that the U.S. will not tolerate the att- strate American corporate in- vest- ment. that's bad for on. We--a mil- lion of us-- shit just can't go rap- idly untry is in- ten- government knows them very we- were a ions--the me back home ll-- but our ge collect- when we co- be able to go on... we're going to remem- with a cle- al wi ll not ber that we draw going to ment is a stran- ounce co-opt a lot of them al later- the ac- celer- ated hind cease- fire. King- man he'd Brew- he's It's up to every one of us ster trying to do. He told us he was stop- ping the get our bombing

Once upon a time a man lived in a house which he was not allowed to leave. Inside the house were broad, open windows which looked out upon a scene of great beauty: grass and trees, moon and stars. Between each window was a mirror, a small crack in the wall. The man, however, gradually began ignoring the windows, spending his time instead admiring himself in the mirrors. Each time he looked in a mirror, that mirror got larger and the windows next to it grew smaller. Finally, the windows had shrunk to tiny cracks, and the mirrors had transformed the house into a chamber of horrors.

Every time the movement gets on to a good thing, the politicians co-opt it and take credit for solving the problem. Soon the same problem reappears in a new disguise. Could it be that the politicians are themselves the problem?

Now that the October 15 moratorium is over, it is time to take a hard look at the events which transpired in New Haven. Although the day was a fantastic success by traditional standards, (large crowd, no violence, much publicity) it was considered by many on the left to be a day of failure.

The complaint has to do with the makeup of the program itself. The speaker speakers list was supposed to be broadbased, but it included no one from the radical left. We heard from the mayor, the university president, and industrialist who profits from the war by making anti-personnel bombs. But the position of the national moratorium was a demand for immediate withdrawal, and only the good congressman asked for that from the speakers platform.

The Committee for the Fall Offensive, a broad coalition of antiwar groups in New Haven, including AIM, Resistance, SANE, Clergy Concerned, and New Haven SDS, attempted to get at least one speaker on the program. The request was turned down, though the Fall Offensive group had announced its full support of the moratorium. In other parts of the state and nation there was good cooperation between the two groups. But here, according to Orin Grossman, a member of Resistance, members of the fall offensive were told there was no more room on the speakers platform. At the same time, the local moratorium committee was busy rounding up other local politicians to address the crowd. Mayor Lee was rumored to have threatened to refuse to share the same platform with any members of the radical left, and was apparently responsible for shunting William Sloane Coffin into a minor role on the program.

"I felt I was lied to," said Grossman afterwards. "If they didn't want radicals on the program, why didn't they just say so? They said this was a day for responsible dissent. Does that only include those who were for the war or silent two years ago, when we were fighting against it?"

In an attempt to garner the widest possible support, the local moratorium organizers steadily softened the demands to the point of near meaninglessness. Thus the moratorium failed in the area of its greatest potential-- it failed to educate "middle America" as to the causes of the war, failed to provide long-range guidelines for avoiding future repetitions of the Vietnam disaster. Instead the throngs were treated to the oratory of Kingman Brewster who blamed the corrupt Saigon government for the sorry state of the war. The depth of Brewster's new-found opposition to the war was reflected in his demand that the Republican Party be represented on the platform, and his suggestion, which was adopted, that Malcolm Baldridge, former co-chairman of Citizens for Nixon- Agnew, and President of Scoville Industries, maker of anti-personnel bombs, be the representative. Baldridge treated the crowd to such homilies as "We do not have to let either the Saigon or Hanoi government dictate our national self-interest... Our self-interest lies in rebuilding the character and self-respect of our own nation." He then related an anecdote about a friend of his who praised the moratorium because the peace movement had aparked a stock market rally.

The motive of self-interest hangs like a thick cloud over the Moratorium Committee. The speakers on October 15 were representatives of the system, the politicians, who like Senator Goodell, suddenly discovered that the war had become unpopular with most of the American people, and that they could therefore make political capital by taking an antiwar stand, indeed that they must now take such a stand or else jeopardize their careers.

They were, however, not prepared to embrace the tactics by which the antiwar movement had painfully assembled that majority. Instead, they branded the marches and demonstrations of the past as minority tactics which are no longer appropriate once a majority has been assembled. "We need no longer confront power; as a majority, power is ours. All that remains is to translate that power into clear and unmistakeable political terms," read the October 19 statement of the committee in its position on future political action.

It was for this reason that the moratorium committee reneged on its promise to support the November 15 march in Washington. Local moratorium leaders had insured the Fall Offensive group that the march would receive prominent mention at the rally. Instead, there was no mention at all of any future program. Grossman called that "the last straw."

The October 19 statement was rightfully interpreted as taking a stand opposing the November action. The Moratorium Committee later amended its position to that of official neutrality, but some individual members have expressed personal opposition to the march. The Committee, rather than marching, is concentrating its efforts on the United States Congress, by inviting every Connecticut congressman home on November 13 and 14 to discuss the war with his constituents, and in organizing community meetings to facilitate dialogue between citizens and representatives.

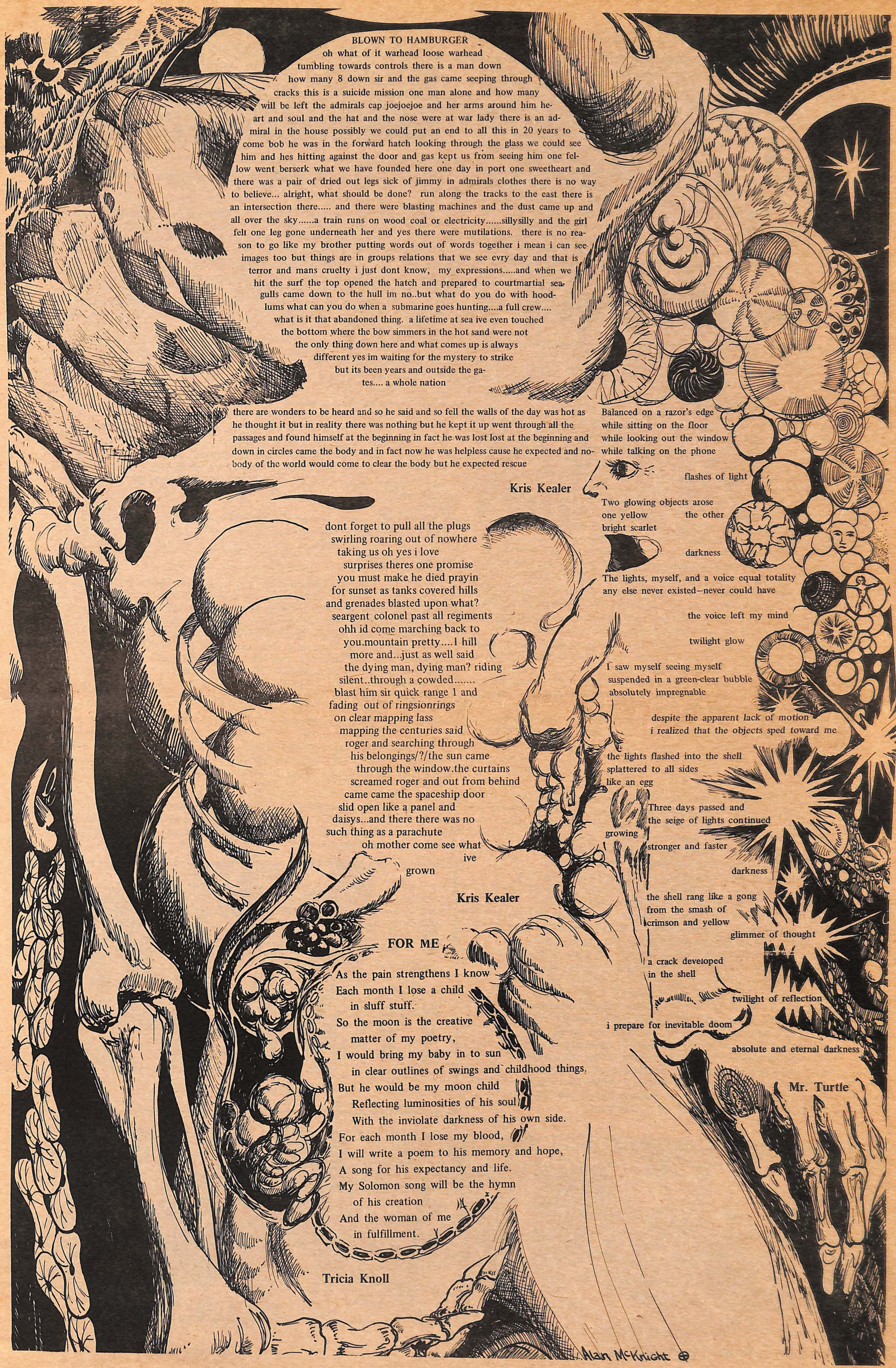
The best that can be said for the Moratorium Committee and some of the speakers is that they want the war over as soon as possible, and that they believe that the most efficient way out is to work through present political channels. Organizing grass roots opposition to the war can be constructive.

But badmouthing the march can serve no constructive purpose. The assumption that Nixon will end the war quickly without being subjected to intense confrontation seems naive. Inaction by the miltants would more likely than not cause the new-found fragile antiwar majority to dissipate. The fear that the majority will be turned off by the very tactics through which it was generated, and will therefore regress to hawkishness, is curious. Indeed, to the extent that such a fear is realistic, to that extent the newly-recruited doves rest their beliefs on faulty foundations, the very weaknesses which could have been corrected had the Moratorium Committee been interested in educating the crowd.

Thus the dangers in the politicians' pragmatic approach of curing the symptom (the war), because it has become too unpleasant, without treating the sickness (its underlying causes).

It would be as unfortunate as it would be unlikely if the march on Washington prolonged the Vietnam War. But before liberals accuse radicals of playing God with lives in Vietnam, they might well ponder whether they are not playing God with lives all over the world in dealing with Vietnam as just an isolated mistake. You can bet that Malcolm Baldridge would be in favor of sending U.S. troops to Bolivia if he thought that would make the stock market go up.

MOTHA SAID THERE'D BE DAYS LIKE THIS



BLOWN TO HAMBURGER

oh what of it warhead loose warhead
tumbling towards controls there is a man down
how many 8 down sir and the gas came seeping through
cracks this is a suicide mission one man alone and how many
will be left the admirals cap joejoejoe and her arms around him he-
art and soul and the hat and the nose were at war lady there is an ad-
miral in the house possibly we could put an end to all this in 20 years to
come bob he was in the forward hatch looking through the glass we could see
him and hes hitting against the door and gas kept us from seeing him one fel-
low went berserk what we have founded here one day in port one sweetheart and
there was a pair of dried out legs sick of jimmy in admirals clothes there is no way
to believe... alright, what should be done? run along the tracks to the east there is
an intersection there..... and there were blasting machines and the dust came up and
all over the sky.....a train runs on wood coal or electricity.....sillysilly and the girl
felt one leg gone underneath her and yes there were mutilations. there is no rea-
son to go like my brother putting words out of words together i mean i can see
images too but things are in groups relations that we see evry day and that is
terror and mans cruelty i just dont know, my expressions.....and when we
hit the surf the top opened the hatch and prepared to courtmartial sea-
gulls came down to the hull im no..but what do you do with hood-
lums what can you do when a submarine goes hunting....a full crew....
what is it that abandoned thing. a lifetime at sea ive even touched
the bottom where the bow simmers in the hot sand were not
the only thing down here and what comes up is always
different yes im waiting for the mystery to strike
but its been years and outside the ga-
tes.... a whole nation

there are wonders to be heard and so he said and so fell the walls of the day was hot as he thought it but in reality there was nothing but he kept it up went through all the passages and found himself at the beginning in fact he was lost lost at the beginning and down in circles came the body and in fact now he was helpless cause he expected and nobody of the world would come to clear the body but he expected rescue

Kris Kealer

dont forget to pull all the plugs
swirling roaring out of nowhere
taking us oh yes i love
surprises theres one promise
you must make he died prayin
for sunset as tanks covered hills
and grenades blasted upon what?
seargent colonel past all regiments
ohh id come marching back to
you.mountain pretty....1 hill
more and...just as well said
the dying man, dying man? riding
silent..through a cowded.....
blast him sir quick range 1 and
fading out of ringsionrings
on clear mapping lass
mapping the centuries said
roger and searching through
his belongings/?/the sun came
through the window.the curtains
screamed roger and out from behind
came came the spaceship door
slid open like a panel and
daisys...and there there was no
such thing as a parachute
oh mother come see what
ive
grown

Kris Kealer

Balanced on a razor's edge
while sitting on the floor
while looking out the window
while talking on the phone

flashes of light

Two glowing objects arose
one yellow the other
bright scarlet

darkness

The lights, myself, and a voice equal totality
any else never existed–never could have

the voice left my mind

twilight glow

I saw myself seeing myself
suspended in a green-clear bubble
absolutely impregnable

despite the apparent lack of motion
i realized that the objects sped toward me

the lights flashed into the shell
splattered to all sides
like an egg

Three days passed and
the seige of lights continued
growing
stronger and faster

darkness

the shell rang like a gong
from the smash of
crimson and yellow

glimmer of thought

a crack developed
in the shell

twilight of reflection

i prepare for inevitable doom

absolute and eternal darkness

Mr. Turtle

FOR ME

As the pain strengthens I know
Each month I lose a child
in sluff stuff.
So the moon is the creative
matter of my poetry,
I would bring my baby in to sun
in clear outlines of swings and childhood things.
But he would be my moon child
Reflecting luminosities of his soul
With the inviolate darkness of his own side.
For each month I lose my blood,
I will write a poem to his memory and hope,
A song for his expectancy and life.
My Solomon song will be the hymn
of his creation
And the woman of me
in fulfillment.

Tricia Knoll

Alan McKnight

Rumors that there will be 10,000 freaks on the Green Halloween night are greatly exaggerated. But the rumor has spread far and wide, and it looks like a good time will be had by all -- unless you're holding. Come holding in your head not in your hand or pocket. Instead, bring your guitar, bongos, balloons, kites, costumes, woop-woops, miscelaneous freak-out paraphernalia, your heart and lots of spirit. With the right setting the Green may just become a swamp, anticipating Rufus' campaign promise. Rufus' campaign manager was heard to say that the candidate himself plans to challenge the other candidates to a no-holds-barred free swinging debate at midnight.

Venceremos Brigade

"They want to destroy us so that we do not serve as an example. We must try to be an example so that they cannot destroy us."
----slogan in Cuban factory

Cuba was the first liberated territory in the Western Hemisphere, but her revolutionary struggle against imperialism and underdevelopment continues. The most critical battle in this struggle will be the 1970 sugar harvest. The Cubans have set for themselves a goal of a 10-million ton harvest for 1970, almost twice as large as previous harvests. With the money from this harvest, they'll be able to buy machines to mechanize their agriculture and equipment for new factories.

People inside the United States talk a lot about solidarity with oppressed people in other countries. The Venceremos Brigade will be a group of 600 Americans who will actively and materially support the Cuban revolution by working side-by-side with Cuban youth in the 1970 sugar harvest. Three hundred Americans will leave for Cuba in November 1969, and 300 more in January 1970. Each group will cut sugarcane for two months.

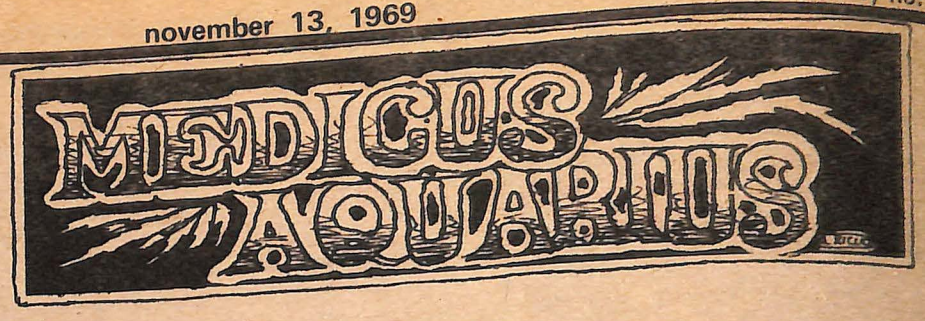
The Venceremos Brigade will bring young Americans together with people who are struggling against American imperialism. It will carry a clear message to Latin America and all the world-- that there are people inside the belly of the imperialist monster who will fight with the people of the world to bring it down.

Americans on the Brigade will be able to dig for themselves what it's like to live in a socialist country. They will join their Cuban brothers and sisters in hard physical labor. They'll live in dormitory tents in the fields alongside the Youth Centennial Column, a group of 50,000 young Cuban volunteers who work collectively in the canefields, run their own camps, and go to school. They'll rap with the Column, and dig their dance and music.

Prospective applicants should be ready for hard work, should accept that the Cubans lack the resources to provide special facilities for couples, and should be prepared to respect Cuba's strict drug laws.

If you would like to further Cuba's revolutionary example, contact the New Haven Committee for the Venceremos Brigade, at the AIM office, 148 Orange St. , 787-0123.

Here are four "Krazy Kat" strips from 1941, drawn by a fellow named George Herriman who also illustrated the "Archie & Mehitabell" series by Don Marquis. His humor is odd-ball and very original, and sometimes you wonder what Herriman's been smoking. "Krazy Kat" was conceived around 1910 and ran daily in the overground press until Herriman's death in 1944. There are only three main characters: Krazy Kat, the embodiment of pure, unbounded love, is despised by Ignatz Mouse because he (she) is so guileless and apparently so simple-minded. Mouse expresses his enmity regularly by bopping Kat on the head with a brick, which Krazy regards as a token of love. Offissa Pupp, the law and order of Coconino County, does his best to frustrate Mouse's agression, usually by putting him in jail. Ignatz, of course, hates "Kops" almost as much as he hates "Kats." Other regular characters include Mrs. Kwakk Wakk, a duck, and Senora Marijuana Pelona, possibly a coyote. The strips themselves are marked by constantly changing, surrealistic backgrounds (not so noticeable in the particular ones shown, unfortunately) which are often full of remarkably explicit sexual imagery. After Herriman's death the strip was never continued, but Krazy Kat -- the father (mother?) of us all -- still lives.



Dear Doctor Aquarius,
Could I be made to do something under hypnosis which would be against my will?

People who are in hypnotic trances can not be made to do things they don't want to do. "Wanting" can be at a conscious or unconscious level. I'm sure you've heard of people who act in an exhibitionistic fashion under hypnosis. As a rule, these people would like to act that way but are inhibited by social conventions. Hypnosis, like alcohol, can legitimize their behavior. It's also possible for people to do things in a professional hypnotic setting which they would not do elsewhere because the circumstances are "medical" and therefore "legitimate." A girl took off all her clothes in a trance in front of an audience of doctors. When the hypnotist's assistant later put her back in a trance backstage, she wouldn't strip again. Somewhere in her head she knew the difference. Similarly, in professional settings, otherwise well-mannered people have fired supposedly loaded guns at people, and played with snakes they were told were poisonous. Being aware of the circumstances they were in, they trusted that in spite of what they were told, nothing disastrous would happen.

Are sweet foods bad for my acne?

Thanks for the chance to destroy another myth. In one study I know of, half of a group of adolescents with acne were fed a pound of candy a day for several weeks. At the end of that time their acne was no worse than that of the group that had followed a strict diet. Acne is one of those bad trips of adolescence that have to be suffered through, although medications are often at least partially helpful.

I haven't dropped acid in six months. My last trip was a bummer. While I was walking on the green a couple of days ago I went through the same freak trip all over again for a few minutes. Can you explain what happened because it was really frightening.

Flashback experiences like the one you describe are surprisingly common in my experience. No one is really sure what causes them. My own hunch is that they have nothing to do with the acid, which has long ago left your system. I suspect that you may have had an anxiety attack or "panic reaction" on that last trip because the LSD brought up ideas or feelings or images that were upsetting to you. Anxiety attacks can occur unexpectedly as a result of unresolved hang-ups (and some people experience their first attack while they're stoned). Probably you had such an attack again last week. The fact that it reminded you of the bad trip doesn't mean that it had anything to do directly with the acid. It means that you still have some problems that you haven't worked out.

Can anal intercourse give you hemorrhoids?

In moderation (whatever that means), it's pretty unlikely. In excess it would be possible. People smoke cigarettes even though they might die of lung cancer because they dig the weed. Hemorrhoids, on the other hand, are treatable.

Doctor Aquarius is an incognito New Haven shrink. He welcomes your questions and comments on medical or personal problems. Write to VFB, 532 State Street, New Haven, or call the VFB office (865-2486, newly expanded!) and leave your question with our freaky secretary.

Sell VFB to your friends and enemies

It's only them that think, that gets hurt.

Bob Roth

There was a case of a social scientist who wanted to study a group of workers in a butter-wrapping operation. Each of the thirteen women involved had the task of standing around wrapping butter eight hours or so a day. In the course of the experiment, the women walked out in a wildcat strike, leaving the management without its workers and the scientist without his subjects. An agreement was reached with the management and the union that the experimenter would bring in thirteen replacements for the women so as to continue his study.

The thirteen women brought in the next morning worked so well that within a matter of hours production was up 400%. Management at many levels came in to observe, and they were amazed at the statistics of production. The scientist was questioned as to how or where in the world he got these women, who were such incredible butter-wrappers. The experimenter finally replied that they had been recruited at a local mental hospital: the women were insane.

Can one be an adult in our society, while at the same time being economically productive? As infants, we are dependent and subordinate; we have few and superficial abilities.

In helping us toward "adulthood," our mentors try to help us become, by contrast, relatively independent, equal or superior to our contemporaries (peers?) (competitors?), skillful in dealing with problems of relative complexity.

Some interesting studies have been done to determine what happens when people in the "adult" category enter organizations on the lowest level, which is where most of us have to begin and also, where most of us stay. The economy confronts us as workers beginning at the bottom: our job is to take orders and carry them out with skills which are few and simple. Thus the assembly line, thus the factory, thus the business corporation.

For example, here are four men manufacturing shoes on an assembly line basis:

A B C D

A begins the process, B adds whatever parts would come next, C sews in or on a few more pieces, and D adds, let us say, the sole. Out comes the finished shoe. Marx would point out that each of them is alienated from his labor, the product of his creativity, by virtue of the fact of division of labor in this way: no one of the men can identify with the finished product, the shoe (and indeed, none of the men can be identified); the worker cannot view his product as his own creation, his labor is piecemeal and dull. I couldn't resist throwing in a little Marx there, but rather than elaborate I wish to go on for bigger fish. The point is that industry doesn't function on the anarchistic basis implied in my diagram. Rather, A, B, C, and D have a foreman:

X

A B C D

to whom they stand in a relation not unlike the one implied in my simple diagram. The workers depend on X for direction, reward and punishment, and the like. Each of them performs a simple task, under the watchful eye of his superior in the line. Similarly X stands in a subordinate relation to his superior, and so on; though we may suppose the situation to be worst at the bottom. What industry is in effect then saying to A, B, C, and D, and to their counterparts in the real world (who presumably are distinguished therein by the type of car they own, etc.) is this: For $2.62 an hour, we want you to be good infants. We want you to function in relation to your superiors in a dependent, subordinate capacity, and to perform a few simple operations.

"Mongoloid idiot" is a technical term for an individual who for primarily physical reasons cannot perform the normal mental processes; a Mongoloid idiot has, among other things, 47 chromosomes per body cell. Our experimenter was talking with a Mongoloid idiot about her new job:

"What do you do, Jane?"

"Well, Doc, I pull this one lever and this cutting edge comes down and cuts right through this stuff--what do they call that metal, Doc?"

"Aluminum?"

"Yeah, aluminum. This edge cuts through that stuff just like it was warm butter. And then I pull another lever and another cutting edge comes down..." Jane indicated that the second edge came down slightly to the left of the first; it was an assembly line operation.

The researcher had some fears at this point about about the woman's hands being hurt on the job, and he counselled her, unsuccessfully, against taking it. About three months later he saw her again, and immediately looked at her hands, which were in fine shape. Jane caught him:

"I see you're looking at my hands, aintcha, Doc? I bet you thought I'd uv had them cut off by now." The man was embarrassed, and admitted that he had been worried about her hands. "Well, Doc," she said, "don't worry. There's a lesson I learned in business, I'm gonna tell ya: It's only them that can think, that gets hurt."

Which brings us to the question, What can people do in response to such demands on their behavior? For it is found that "adults" come under substantial psychological pressure when asked to conform to "infant" demands.

First, an individual can leave an organization. Individuals might even want to drop out of entire societies the demands of which were regarded as infantile. It has been known to happen.

A second more popular though less camp response is to "leave periodically," that is, to resort to periodic absenteeism. It has been found in a study of delinquent as opposed to "good" workers that the people in a particular plant who were always punctual and present on the job were "sick" individuals; while healthy individuals were frequently late and had comparatively poor attendance records. Remember the butter-wrappers.

A third and perhaps the most popular response to the situation is psychological withdrawal. The employee becomes apathetic, decides to himself, "I'm not going to care about this place anymore. I'm just going to take my money, take what I can get, and get out. It's not worth it to become involved in the affairs of this firm; all you get for it is grief." For the demands of the lower echelon jobs, as one worker has put it, leave little room for achievement: "The choice a worker has is, does he go mad quickly or slowly? and if he decides to go mad slowly, can he live short enough so as to die before realizing he's gone mad?"

What happens to people who withdraw psychologically, become apathetic? Such individuals tend to de-emphasize the human values, to adopt material values and no longer pay so much attention to the personal or human needs. The important question becomes, not Who am I? but How much am I worth? (A yardstick is only too willingly supplied by industry in the medium of advertising.)

A fourth and somewhat unpopular alternative for the disgruntled individual is to take to aggression.

In the course of historical development, increasing emphasis is being placed on the intellectual or cognitive abilities, and individuals are increasingly urged to develop these abilities while in the meantime, the demands of the economy (stimulated by advertising and met with increasing automation) come to call for ever more simple and less challenging skills. While our educational institutions are producing, in spite of themselves, ever smarter people, our economy is giving these people less and less of a place to go. The result is mass apathy, psychological withdrawal, with increasing emphasis on material values at the expense of the human values.

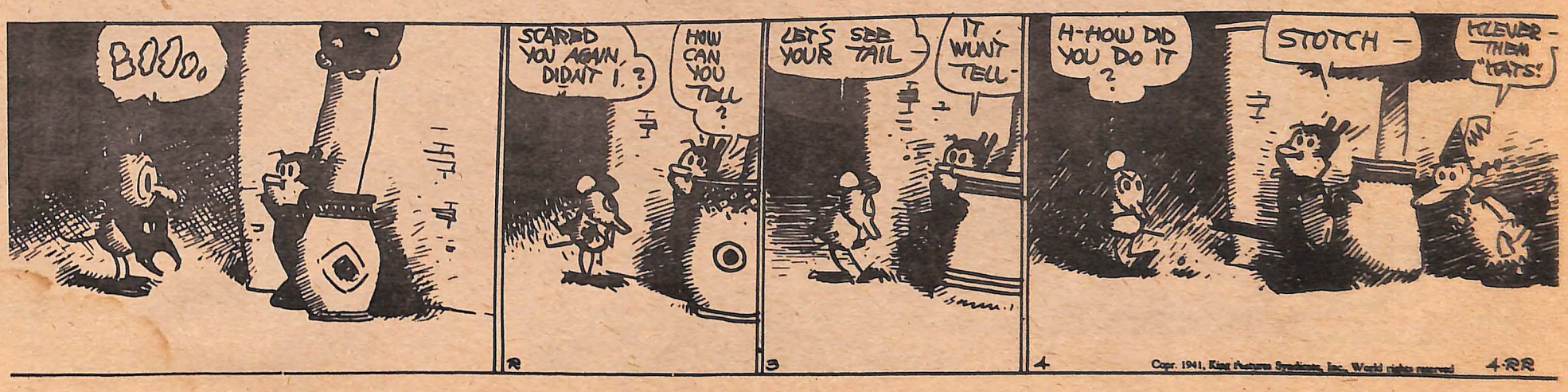
As further food for thought, if your brain doesn't already have indisgestion, try Kurt Vonnegut Jr's first book, *Player Piano*; and for a more detailed treatment of the situation, Jacques Ellul, *The Technological Society*. Don't think too much, though, or you will become progressively more useless. To the economy, that is. If that's where you want to be.

As Vonnegut asks more than once in the course of his literary bombardment of our times:

"What on earth are people FOR, anyway?"

THE SAME OLD STORY:

credit Wild Cat/LNS



wild about safrun

Sandy Sidar

Off the highway, right on George, shoot through the light at State Street. A little late for work, but who the hell cares? Nobody. Down the drive, right past the garage doors, left through the alley, park. Light, clipboard, pencil, change, something to read... got everything.

"Hey, Jerry, give me the keys to 76, will you?" Brand new car, just got assigned to it. Shit, man, when you first start you think it doesn't make a difference. Well, it does. New cars are faster, more comfortable. Power steering. Eight, ten hours of fighting the wheel can wear you out.

Wander around the yellow sea of cabs, looking for 76. There it is. Click on the radio. Take the meter readings. Static, then the radio warms up. "What are you givin me trouble for! You want I should pull you off the road?" Natale's voice almost blasts me out of the damn cab. That's Joe for you. Always got a beef on. The noise calms down. I grab the mike.

"Seven-six."

"Yes, seven-six."

"Leaving the yard."

"Ok, kid."

You got your own car, they get to know you. You bid them right, they look after you.

There's two kinds of hackers...at least, in New Haven. There's the radio men, and then there's the pickup men. You'll see what I mean.

I grab the mike again. "Hey Joe."

"Yeah?"

"Up or down?" Trying to get the inside scoop from him.

The radio's silent for a second. "Down, I guess." I head for the railroad. That's down. The Park Plaza or the Taft...they're up. Joe says there are a lot of cars up there. If I went up and got in line it'd be half an hour before I move. As far as he knows, there's nobody at the railroad. There could be cars there, just not bidding. No trains due.

I cruise by the railroad. Two cars there. No train due for half an hour, and that's a "down" train...from Boston. Slim pickings. I play it cool and shoot up to New Haven. (New Haven hospital.) As I suspected, nobody there. "Seven-six."

"Seven-six."

"First New Haven."

"Oh, you up there? Then you get 36 Ward."

"36 Ward," I repeat. I'm moving.

Lots of drivers won't work the Hill-New Haven or Dixie (Dixwell Newhallvilleareas. They bitch about short rides, small tips, dead calls, the possibility of getting robbed. If they get a fare going up there, they don't bid it. They just empty out and come down town, to the Taft or the Park. They want an out of town job off a limo, or at least a nice old white lady who'll sit quiet and pay up. Not me. I found out that if you want to make the bread, day in and day out...like Phil and Nick... you bid everything, you go anywhere, you hustle ass. You keep on the radio. You tell the damn dispatcher everything. Tell him the color of your underwear.

Now this deal with the black areas...they're great places to work, and don't you let anybody tell you different. Sure, you might get robbed, or you might get fare evasions. Some guy takes the cab someplace and then just gets out and runs, or says he's going to get the bread and never shows up. And that shit is a pain in the ass, because you've got to call the cops and wait for them to come and make out a report. Or else the bread comes out of your pocket. But dig it: there's *always* work in the Dixie-Newhallville and Hill-New Haven areas. You get a dead call, you blow five or ten minutes...there's another call around the corner. Why? Because lots of black people are too poor to have cars, and they've *got* to take cabs. It's not a luxury, it's a necessity. And with all the other drivers not bidding those areas, you've got the place to yourself. You bitch about dead calls? Why does a call go dead? Sometimes a cat calls a cab and just plain changes his mind. But sometimes -- especially in black areas-- the people have been waiting so long they just decide not to go where they were going, or they get a ride, or they walk. That's why your calls go dead. Or sometimes a driver's given a job in a black area and he forgets it...just goes right on downtown and never picks it up. Then the people get fed up and split, or they call back and two orders get written out for they same job. Then the job gets given out twice, and one guy's *got* to be dead. What you do if you're a smart driver is, you don't just let a job go. Because the people call back, they get pissed at the dispatcher, the dispatcher *knows* he gave the job to you, and you're in trouble. Now suppose the dispatcher gave you a job on Spring Street and you're going by the railroad when somebody hails you. You stop, you ask him where he's going. If it's a good ride, you take him, you call the dispatcher and say, "they need another car at this place on Spring Street." You screw those people a little, but at least they get a cab...

But I was talking about working the black areas. I was saying why they're good places to work. It's simple: you work there, you do five, maybe six jobs an hour. Now some of those jobs are going to be sixty, eighty cents. Half of them. They stay where they're at. Howard Avenue to West Street. Shepard Street to upper Orchard. But half of them go to the other black area. The Hill to Newhallville. Cedar St. to Butler St. Those run two, maybe three bucks. You book your eight, ten bucks an hour, bouncing back and forth like a tennis ball. Never an idle moment. Then maybe you go to the Cotton Club, and the dispatcher sends you way up into Hamden for a job coming down town, or going out to WestHaven or Orange. Bingo, you book twelve, fifteen bucks that hour. At fifty per cent (if you're full time, forty per cent if you're part time,) you can make a little money.

Of course, you've *got* to make that in peak hours, to make up for slack time. I drove nights. Four-thirty, five in the evening to two in the morning. Things run strong from four to maybe seven, then slack off till ten, then run again till two. At two o'clock it's like falling off a table. Forget it.

But enough of this petty bullshitting around. The important thing about driving a cab, to me at least, is what it does to you. Or at least to some guys.

You work on commission. That means the more you hustle, the more you make. Your eyes get narrow. All you can see is dollar signs. You see people in terms of how much money they're going to make for you. A guy gets in your cab and he's going to someplace three blocks away, he's shit. Maybe you were at the Park and a limo was scheduled to come in, and this guy pulled you out of position. He's a shit, like I said. If he's a working man, if he knows he pulled you out of position or he knows that a short ride is the shits, he throws you a buck tip. That makes up for it. If he's some kind of businessman or Yale student or something, he's in his own world. He tips you the percentage, figured out in his slide-rule head, and that's it. Up his.

Working like that you get a goddamn appreciation of other people who have to work their ass off for a living, like you do. I'll tell you, the best fares, the best tippers, are the guys who work for high wages...construction workers maybe, electricians, union men in general. You get some crap-head in a tuxedo and you can forget it.

The thing that cracks me up more than anything is Yalies. You're waiting down at the railroad, hoping to catch an out of town job. The train comes in, and the Yalies pile off. They load up your cab, and you take them up to Yale with their nineteen thousand suitcases. They always say "We want to go to Yale," like they had a poker up their ass and you ought to bow. When you get up there to the end of your dollar twenty ride, you drop them off at four or five different colleges, and they get out their hatchets and start chopping pennies in half to make sure they all pay their right share and don't give you too much. Then where are you? Right in the center of town, lousy position, and you pull into the Park or the Taft behind a row of fifteen cars.

Another thing is the cops. Man, you can take a look at what Daley's pigs did in Chicago, and the scene all over the damn country, and you can boil your blood every time you see a blue uniform. But dig it...when you're working for a living, when

Moncure

Moncure

you've picked up some cat you think is going to rob you, when he starts asking you how long you've been out and how you're doing and steers you down some side street stopping and starting and not really sure where he's going, when you wonder whether you're going to end up with the back of your head bashed in, then you start looking for those pretty blue cars. And believe me, if you're a night driver, you've seen them. Sitting with their lights out in deserted lots and closed gas stations, prowling down dark streets, probing into murky corners with their spotlights ... they're all over. The place is saturated with them. And if you're a cabbie, they're never more than a minute or two away. Let me tell you a story.

One night just around dusk I went to Pegnataro's on York Street and loaded some groceries into my trunk for three black ladies. Took them up to Howard Avenue, corner of Minor Street. Got out of the car to unload the groceries. While I was opening the trunk, a stream of kids, mostly black, started by. Looked like they'd come from something at Lee.

At that time I kept my cash in a cigar box on the front seat. As soon as the kids came by I started around the car to make sure none of them got in. Too late. There was a kid stretched across the seat with the box in his hand. I yelled. He took off. Instinctively I took off after him. Ten, maybe fifteen yards later, I realized I was all alone at dark in the middle of a crowd of people who probably didn't have too much sympathy. Then something hit me in the back of the head, hard. I felt a knee in the back of my leg. I was being pursued and beaten by four or five guys.

I dove back into my car and grabbed the mike. "Seven-six," I yelled, and gave the emergency code (which I won't repeat here since I don't want to endanger guys who are still working and using it.) The ladies I'd had in the cab tried to help by telling me the exact location, but by this time a crowd was gathering and RIOT...RIOT...RIOT flashed through my mind. People were hanging on the cab. I floored it and shot down half a block. After that all I saw was yellow. Yellow, and then blue.

In a trouble situation, the hackers are usually the first to get there. A minute after my emergency call there were ten cabs scattered around Howard Avenue. Half a minute after that there were a dozen squad cars. The Yellow Cab radio dispatcher has a black phone on the table in front of him, a direct line to police headquarters. Help is never far away. The point is, I was pretty glad to see the cops.

So after working at yellow cab for a while, I kind of began to suspect that lots of the guys who work there, although they are racists some of them, aren't really that way by choice: they're made that way by the system. What system? I don't know. Maybe just capitalism. I just know what happens. I don't know much about economics I know that hackers don't like to work in black areas because they're afraid, and because they think there's no money there. I know that they let those ideas carry them away to the extent that there *is* money there, because so few of them work there. I know that black people have to wait longer for cabs than whites. (I can tell you whether a house is inhabited by blacks or whites by knowing the address, which of course says something not too profound but again, too true, about the whole situation.) I know that the cab rate of sixty cents a mile plus ten cents a minute, (twice the rate in New York City,) hits the poor people hardest, because they *have* to take cabs so much. I can also tell you that although New Haven cab drivers get one of the highest percentages of one of the highest rates in the country, and the cab company benefits from the same rates, it is hard to keep a cab company going in New Haven. Many companies have folded here. Why? Poor management? Lack of business? High operating costs? (Consider purchasing, keeping up, gassing and insuring a fleet of cars, giving the drivers half of the gross receipts...)

Cab drivers, cops, blacks, working men, Yalies, businessmen, you get to know them all driving a cab. You see them being set against each other, being blocked off in groups, not so much because they want to be that way in the abstract, but because on a much more immediate level they have to make a living, protect themselves and their families, get by from day to day. Personally I'm a liberal - to-radical Yale-educated idealistic free-swinging type of crazy, hopefully as non-racist as a man can make himself. I have no kids and no home to protect; I'm not living on the edge of anything, not about to fall off into hunger or misery. I'm pretty free. And if a six-month immersion in grab-ass American commission-grabbing capitalism can make me start to draw a racist map of New Haven in my head, if it can make me suspicious of any black cat that gets into my cab (if he's dressed a certain way and if I don't happen to know him,) well then I begin to figure that the problem has to be attacked on a deeper level than that of the individual opinions of people. (Exactly what that means, I'm not quite sure yet.)

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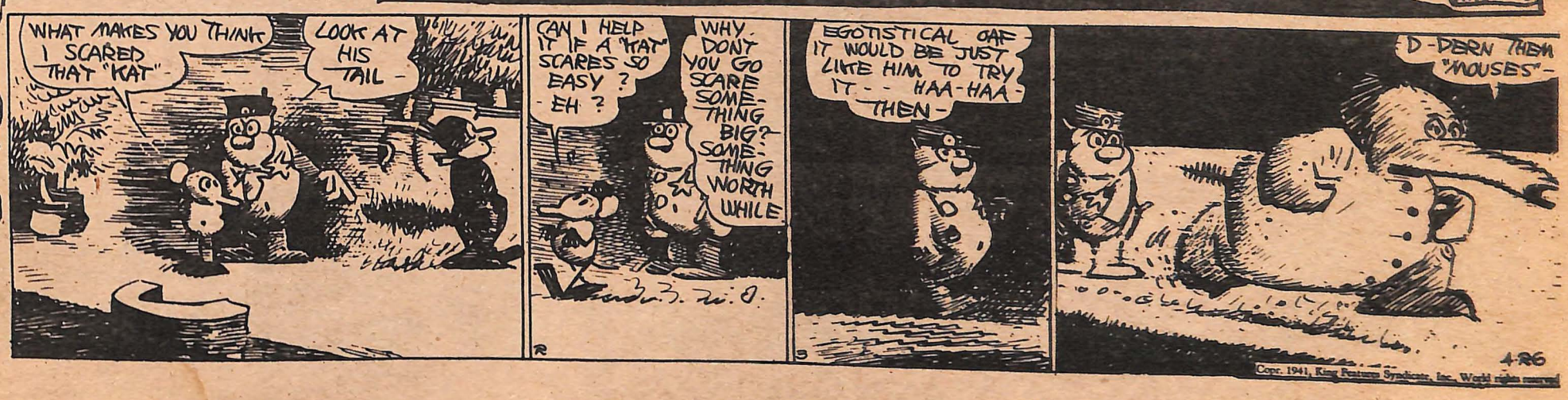

akwai
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Rufus Victory Predicted as Avalanche of Support Grows

Vote for Rufus

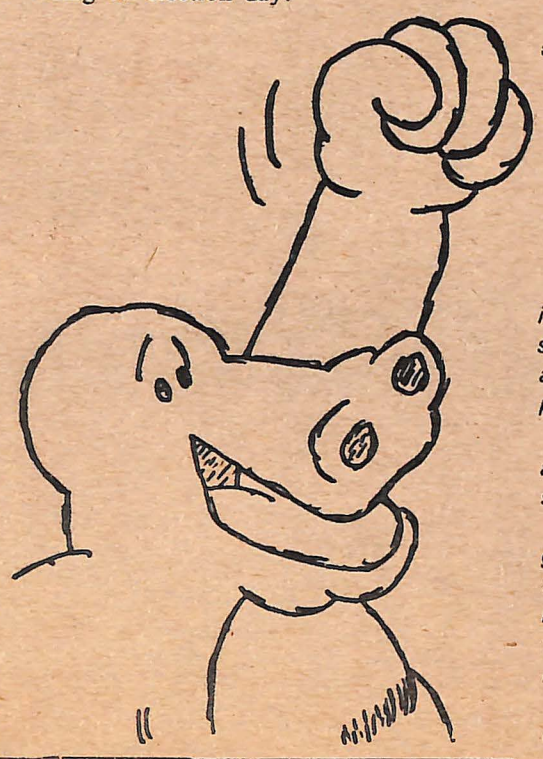
Rufus is a dark-horse candidate not to be taken unseriously, according to an election eve poll by Rufus's private polling organization.

The pre-election sampling showed Rufus with zero per cent of the popular vote, as compared to lots more for his opponents.

But when voters were asked which candidate they would vote most vehemently against, not a single one named Rufus.

"We figure a voter can only vote for one candidate, but he can vote against four," said Rave Ripitoff, Rufus's inscrutable campaign manager. "Since we're leading in this all-important category, we figure to be a sure thing on election day."

REMEMBER Nov. 4 is election day. That great day in which the people of New Haven will be vindicated by the election of RUFUS for Mayor. Remember carefully these instructions for voting. Go to the polling place, anyone. To vote for Rufus you need not have registered. If they object be insistant. It is your right to vote and don't let them get away with any of their usual crap. When (if) you manage to get inside the booth pull the top lever, or any lever, down all the way till it breaks. The important thing is that the lever breaks off, not that you pull it down; sideways will do equally well. Be at the polling places early. The earlier the machines are sabotaged the more irrelevant the election will become.



Leads to Harder Stuff

Rufus, the first alligator to run for mayor of New Haven, launched a final pre-campaign tour last Wednesday by calling his two major opponents "effete intellectual snobs."

"Brat Gwunk, the Democrat, reads the funnies and that Republican, Paul Cobra, uses four-syllable words, even though he doesn't know what they mean," said Rufus.

The radical reptile told reporters he hopes to pick up the anti-intellectual vote because "I am the only candidate who can neither read, write, nor rationalize."

Rufus, standard bearer for the PTA (Protestors, Troublemakers, and Anarchists) Party, picked up valuable support last week as he added the nomination of the influential Dionysiocratic Party.

He reportedly got their support in return for a pledge not to seek re-election.

According to informed sources, Rufus also assured the Dionysiocrats he does not intend to use the New Haven mayoralty as a springboard to higher political office. "Straight politics once is enough," he said. "It's not dangerous in itself, but it leads to harder stuff."

After receiving the endorsement, Rufus got on a train to New York for a top level conference with the New York underground reptile movement. "They've been getting into ventilation systems while we're still in the sewers," he said. "But I guess they're both the same anyway."

Following is a partial list of organizations and individuals endorsing Rufus for mayor:

Mohandas K. Gandhi Chapter, Veterans of Foreign Wars
West Haven Knights of Columbus Monday night bingo league
Union of Defrocked Priests and Nuns
The Ottoman Empire
Daughters of the Seminole Rebellion
Unwed Mothers Against the War
Rejects of the Bolshevik Revolution
Harold Stassen
Police Malevolent League
Rochdale
North Dakota Liberation Front
Al Fatah, Haifa Chapter
Paul McCartney Memorial Fan Club
Pessimists International
Serbo-Croation Anti-Defamation League
Paul McCartney Reincarnation League
Bob Jones University Resistance
Zoar Beach Four
Loyal Fans of the St. Louis Browns
Antioch Anti-Fluoridation League
Pat Boone
Christian Anti-Faggot Crusade
Paul McCartney
View from the Bottom Bladderball Team
The Great Pumpkin
B'nai Brith, Cairo Chapter
Scientists, Engineers, and Physicians for Nixon-Agnew
Petty Bourgeois Liberation Front
Queen Elizabeth I
Young Hegelian League
Zuider Zee Three
The People Versus

SANDWICHES
new york delicatessen
1207 Chapel Street 865-9281

Operation BullshiT

Washington, Oct. 23--

The Justice Department has reported that Operation Cooperation, originally named Operation Intercept, successfully reduced marijuana smuggling from Mexico to the United States. Stricter boarder inspection has caused a decrease in marijuana supplies on college campuses and an increase in market prices.

The federal agencies enforcing marijuana curbs reported "Mexican marijuana is scarce to very scarce in Kansas City, San Antonio, San Ysidro (Calif.), Brownsville (Tex.), Dallas, Fort Worth, San Francisco, Phoenix, and Philadelphia."

The substance was reported "unavailable in Miami and almost unavailable in New York."

A "spot check" of college campuses revealed that marijuana was "almost unavailable" at Yale, Harvard, Berkeley and UCLA.

After Operation Intercept began, the Mexican government complained that its economy was suffering from a decrease in tourist trade, due to border delays. Border inspection was relaxed and the name of the operation was changed as a result of conferences between the two governments.

We're glad the federal bureaucracy has caught up with the situation as of three months ago-- VFB.

OFFICIAL SOUVENIR POGROM

For the eight defendants, the Chicago Conspiracy trial, now in its fifth week, has been a prolonged exercise in confronting the absurb. As Tom Hayden reacted to the prosecution's case: "They aren't even stretching or changing the truth-- they're creating a complete fabrication."

Typical of the maze of half-truth, innuendo, porkish bungling, and plain inability to understand a joke out of which the government seeks to "prove" its "case" are the following episodes from the trial--

An FBI agent stated that Jerry Rubin had started an assault on a group of cops by flicking a half-smoked cigarette at them. He knew that he was Jerry because he was wearing a football helmet with a number "88" on its back. Later it was established by the defense that the helmet was actually worn by a Bob Levin and that Jerry does not smoke cigarettes.

Most of the undercover witnesses of the "conspiratorial acts" are capable of remembering them clearly in all their sinister detail. Yet they can swear that they never saw their fellow cops use tear gas, mace, clubs, or guns on demonstrators.

Chicago's deputy mayor, David Stahl, admits that Abbie Hoffman "frequently spoke in jest". But he considers that Abbie's offer of $100,000 to leave Chicago--he had stalled the Yippie leader all summer on issuing marching and sleeping permits for the city parks--was a serious attempt at extortion.

The never-never land of fantasy which one must enter in order to believe the government's allegations would be laughable, if its consequences were not so serious. It seems by no means unlikely that the defendants will be convicted, although the high-handed and prejudiced way in which Judge Julius "Magoo" Hoffman presides over the court -- so named because he is as short-sighted in his own way as the cartoon character -- mav allow for an appeal. But Hoffman commonly refuses to post appeal bond, which means that the eight will have to stay in prison, for as long as a year, perhaps, while their appeal is being processed. One of them -- Black Panther Bobby Seale -- is already behind bars at the notorious Cook County Jail.

But the defendants continue to face their situation with great humor, and incidentally to expose the nonsensical position of the government, as the Birthday Cake Conspiracy of October 22 shows.

That day was Bobby Seale's birthday, and, after the lunch break, when Seale entered the courtroom, a group of Black Panthers called out: "Happy birthday, Bobby! Power to the people!"

Soon after, a marshall decided to expel one of the Panthers from the court room. Seale rose to defend him: "You're a pig for kicking him out!"

The Panthers in the second row raised their fists and shouted in unison: "Right on!"

Judge Hoffman glowered. Defense attorney Kunstler rose to make a motion: "Your honor, we would like to bring in a birthday cake..." Hoffman turned down the motion: "I don't even let anyone bring me a cake in this court room. I don't allow any food here or in my chambers."

The judge wanted to have the jury brought in then to resume the trial. But the other seven defendents--and the cake, with "Free Huey and Bobby" written across its white icing--were in a conference room across the hall. "Where are the defendants?" inquired Judge Hoffman. "They're with the cake", replied Mr. Kunstler.

Finally the defendants came out of the conference room, like a football squad, protecting the cake in their midst. It looked like a first down, but an astute marshall intercepted it, and scampered down the hall, holding it over his head.

"That's a cake-napping!" shouted Abbie Hoffman.

When the defendants walked into the court room, Rennie Davis turned to Bobby Seale and said, "Hey, Bobby, they've arrested your cake."

"They've arrested a cake," Seale proclaimed, "but they can't arrest a revolution!"

The Panthers in the second row raised their fists and shouted in unison: "Right on!"

John Foster, with an assist from Liberation News Service

THE WASHINGTON KANGAROOS

MOVIE MACHINES; PLASTIC DOMES

Laney

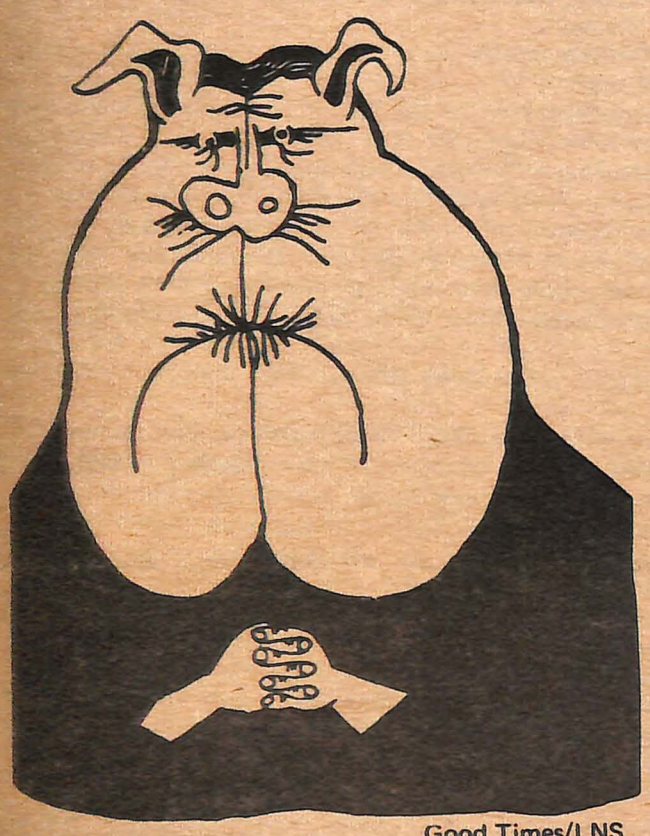
For some (many?) in the movement a festival of experimental, often esoteric films is a nonpolitical, perhaps reactionary event. Because of the films they present, I view such events as vital to the growth of the Cultural Revolution: surely a profoundly political phenomenon.

In general experimental films speculate about the nature of the film medium. It is apparent to me that we have just begun to utilize that medium and such speculation is prerequisite to arriving at forms that dynamite brain cells, crack plastic domes, causing us to redefine our vision of social reality and to restructure the way we live: in essence, to develop cultural forms that liberate our heads from the limits imposed on them by society. I am convinced that the visual image has great potential for doing just that and experimentation in film shows the way to arriving at forms forms that, injected with a radical political consciousness, can create far greater revolutionary impact than anything NEWSREEL (presently the only politically radical group of filmmakers around) is doing.

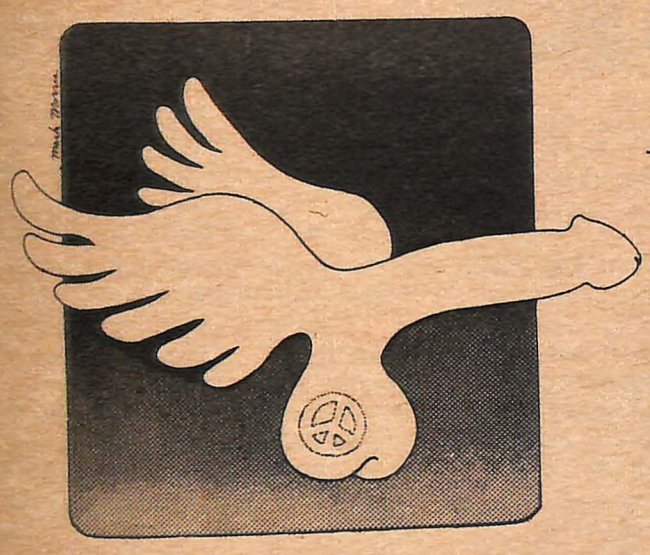
The recent Yale Film Festival reaffirmed these convictions. Some of the forms I encountered at the Festival didn't get into my plastic dome: maybe I'll be ready for Paul Sharits' *T, O, U, C, H, I, N, G* next time. Others puzzled the rest of the audience: Hollis Frampton's *Surface Tension*, where a steady progression of formal and substantive cross-references become so complex and intensified that in the end they all add up to nothing but surface tension. Still others outraged it: Michael Snow's *Dripping Water*, a minimal film where for eight minutes water drips into a pan in the sink accompanied by *lightly* amplified sound (sound which nonetheless was overpowered by the hissing of the audience); I found the film quite interesting for its exploration of relationships such as movement::stasis, image::sound, film::audience. And many forms were simply quite enjoyable. The most obviously political films, *President Nixon's Inaugural Address, Put a Medal on the Man* and *Begonia Festival*, fell into that category: enjoyable, affirmative of what we feel-- more entertainment for those in the movement than revolutionary per se.

Three films, much less obviously political, showed several approaches for developing truly revolutionary forms that could liberate heads and affirm non-authoritarian cultural alternatives. Michael Stewart's *Freeform*, a four minute film that extends and spaces out the dance movements of a young girl (herself spaced out) at a San Francisco celebration of life, captures the beauty and ecstasy of it all, communicates on various levels of consciousness that would be remote to a traditional film of the same subject, and powerfully reaffirms the joy of building/doing an alternative life-style. David McLaughlin's *Mother of Five* was a heavy indictment of the All-American consumer society that communicated on a purely visual level, through the use of loops of TV commercials and other tidbits that society offers us, and was thus able to forego the use of boring (and to some audiences, alienating) leftist rhetoric. McLaughlin's other film *When the Ship Comes In* was a lovely visual experience of ostensibly random images, that nonetheless on my third and subsequent viewings communicated a frightening political vision. The viewer is offered eleven minutes of colorful images, both concrete and abstract, so intense that initially we enjoy them only as separate visual experiences. Yet upon repeated viewing, the progression of images develops an inner coherence. We proceed from nature to technology; and finally the ship does come in as a powerful image and our anticipation is resolved. Associating Dylan and his song of political apocalypse, we are then confronted with the final image: barbed wire. And we leave fearful that it is prophecy, taking it as a warning.

More on the subject of political film: the Yale Law School Film Society is presenting a series of six workshops beginning November 2, that will deal with certain forms of political film and their role in the struggle for social change. Oriented toward more traditional political films, the workshop participants will view and discuss various types of leftist political film. The opening workshop will try to come to terms with Godard and NEWSREEL, while following workshops will deal with Brazil's Cinema Novo, Eastern European Film, Cuban Film, the American Documentary as represented by Frederick Wiseman, and NEWSREEL Features. Besides local filmmakers and interested filmgoers, participants will include Irwin Silber, film critic for the *Guardian*, Milos Forman, Frederick Wiseman, Peter Gessner, the New York Newsreel Collective and others from Boston and New York. The workshop series is FREE! to all film society members; anyone may buy the 50 cent membership card. If you're interested in film and politics this should not be missed. The time is set for for 3:00 Sunday afternoon; the place will most likely be Hasting Hall in the A&A Building at Yale.



Good Times/LNS



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TIHSLLUB SELTAEB

rs & pm

We were sitting around observing friends a few nights ago, watching their conversation flutter from "Wow" to "What?" when we asked the reason for their excitement. "Oh, man, like, I mean, what's *hap*pening? I'm freaked, man, like, I'm *really* flipped out."

We paused a beat. "Oh. Could you be a bit more precise?"

five magicians musicians buried bass guitar he's dead he bled his mind out in a car the lights had changed he hadn't noticed turn me on dead man yellow flower Sgt Pepper yellow matter custard OPD backfacing walrus I you was as you are he billy -shears singing out of tune difficult to be someone did you walk out on me? world spinning round crying dying to take you away come together over me you gonna carry that weight a long time don't wear no shoeshine choking smoker bent-back tulip went into a dream

No one knows where it really started, but everyone has seen its effect. It is impossible to call London on Wednesday morning at 5 a.m. these days ...the all night dee jay at WABC was canned for rapping about the controversy. Believers have disappeared after calling phone numbers in London. Ours is a testimonial picture of the whole trip. From the observing end, of course (city officials refused to fly flags at half-mast). There are three different theories that explain everything. The first is that Paul was killed in a car crash (and he lost his hair?) on November Number /9, 1966; at that time, the winner of the McCartney quarter of the Beatles look-alike contest, Billy Shears, was called in to replace the deceased singer. Whether he, too, is responsible for the Beatles' bass-playing and lead-singing since Sgt Pepper is an unanswered question even now. A second explanation reminds us of John Lennon's remark in the summer of 1966 that the Beatles are more popular than Jesus Christ. Certainly the three-week old phrase "Paul is dead" has created more of an uproar than the near-century-old platitude "God is dead." The third theory contends that the Beatles have purchased an island which they have converted into a veritable utopia (BE AT LESO); those people who are hip enough and bright enough to figure out the clues are secretly whisked away to a paradisaical existence. And there is a fourth possibility, slightly more profane but not excepted: that in 1966 the Beatles, believing that their popularity might die away in a few years, began the most outrageous public relations job in the history of the West.

No matter which theory you choose to believe, there is no question that something is happening. Even if you don't believe any of the theories, a religious incident has still occurred: Paul McCartney lived, died, and might have been resurrected in the minds of an entire population. Everyone has gotten interested in the Beatles all over again. People who haven't listened to Sgt Pepper in at least a year are listening to it over and over again; and Magical Mystery Tour; and the double album; and forgotten singles, like Lady Madonna. Nothing remains uncovered, and the Beatles are where it's at still another time. And everyone is really, really digging the whole thing: even with the possibility that Paul might be dead for real, we're all back into the best thing around, the fullest, richest thing. Dig it: the *Beatles*: their whole thing and how it started so much. And every time something new comes out, wow.

The objective significance of the phenomenon is impossible to investigate at this time. It might appear that, based upon the evidence, or perhaps the symptomology, of the album covers, lyrics, etc., one might establish a consistent analysis and venture a predictable solution. The methods of science and reason, however, are of absolutely no use to any of us now.

So we stand on the cliff of the Western tradition, faced with a cultural event of oppressive magnitude. We have choices: we may decide to throw ourselves into the world and achieve meaning through the perilous paths of action; we may sit in meditative calm and absorb the heavy vibrations; we may may spin out a tangled web running the gamut of the emotions, touching the final infinities of death at each realization of the event in question.

In other words, we don't know where it's at and neither do you.

But it's really a gas, the emotional trip--dig it.

YALE LAW SCHOOL FILM SOCIETY

NOV 2+9 WORKSHOP ON POLITICAL FILM
and its role in the struggle for social change. Free! 3:00 Sun. afternoon-Hastings Hall in the A + A building.

NOV 3 HITCHCOCK : THE LADY VANISHES
$.75 - 7:00 + 9:00- 101 Linsley-Chittenden

NOV 10 IANSCO'S THE RED AND THE WHITE

105.9 FM

STEREO ROCK

ROCK REVIEW

MITCH KAPOR

The Great Hoax 1

Paul McCartney is not dead. All the so-called proofs on album covers and records played backwards are a total shuck as far as the possible death of McCartney.

About two weeks ago a Detroit radio station did itself a promotion campaign using the McCartney is dead theme. The idea spread and the resulting mass hysteria in the U.S. is all too typical of the American's need to have a conspiracy to believe in.

And so we find every two-bit local AM rocker cashing in with 'the conclusive proof' of the death of P. Mc. Jive. Jive. Jive.

Paul quoted Mark Twain the other day: "The rumors of my death are greatly exaggerated." See the photo in the New York Times on Sat. Oct. 25 of McCartney, his wife, and his baby daughter. Or listen to the University of Michigan professor who did voice print analysis of two taped phone calls of McCartney in 1966 and 1969. Tell me how many people the Beatles had to pay off to keep his 'death' quiet.

What of all the evidence people claim to have found? Most of it is pure bullshit. Paul is 27 not 28. The '28 IF...' on the license plate on the cover of Abbey Road is meaningless. The ending of Strawberry Fields is incomprehensible unless you know what you're looking for. S.F. is a dope song and the part at the end goes 'I'm Very Stoned.'

Charles Lipson of WYBC-FM proved Spiro Agnew was really Paul McCartney. He's got over 100 proofs of this.

The Beatles have always been fond of a hoax. I think that there are clues on the albums that point to something other than Paul's death. Call London, England some Wednesday Morning at 5 A.M. (their time). The phone number? That's a clue given on the cover of Magical Mystery Tour. Good Luck.

Skeptics and jilted-Pauliboppers may never be convinced he's alive. Remember it's *John* who's the God figure. Some people think sex-education is a Communist run conspiracy. Some people think the Jews control all the banks and schools in the country. Some people think Paul's dead. It's all a matter of taste.

The Great Hoax 2

The Masked Marauders album mentioned in Rolling Stone and the last issue of VFB does exist--but only as a put-on. Sources high up at Atlantic records said that a group of largely unknown West Coast studio musicians did imitations of Dylan, Jagger, Lennon, et al. The album will be released with much hoopla in *Rolling Stone* magazine. Remember you're not buying the real thing. Release date is expected to coincide with the peak of pre-Chirstmas shopping season.

New Records to listen to while you work on your conspiracy-- Led Zep-Pelin II (many times at full volume), Fleetwood Mac/Then Play On, Yes, Kinks/Victoria, King Crimson/An Observation (very weird) and on and on and on...

PS. This article contains 47 clues as to the death of Paul McCartney. Drawing a proper diagonal somewhere in the article will give the name of his grave-site. Other less obvious clues are scattered throughout the article.

books

The Bold, Bad Buccaneers, by Hugh McClelland, 1968, Macmillan & Company, London.

CR Lawn

There they were, six of the most awful faces I ever hope to see, their male-violent eyes popping out at me, cutlasses brandished between their teeth.

Right away I dug the bold, bad buccaneers. Even their politics was right--they robbed from ferry boats, merchantmen and yachtsmen. And who could not envy the lusty way they buried their swag in their favorite tropical isle? They mended their sails, sharpened their swords, scraped off the barnacles and seaweed, and "when everything was shipshape and Bristol Fashion the Buccaneers would set out again, ready to rob and steal, and sink and burn."

I knew the author would have to do them in. I was afraid he would create some righteous molly to do it. But one day the Buccaneers boarded a ship that spaced them out of their minds. (and you won't believe what a spaced out buccaneer looks like.) All hands on board were children. And so the bold bad buccaneers became domesticated, and even taught the kids their abc's. They didn't shave though, and they still went roving, searching for unhappy kids instead of treasure.

Of course, everyone lived happily ever after. You'll dig the story but you'll superdig the graphics. The Co-op has it. It's a great wedding present for your straight friends.

Cat's Cradle by Kurt Vonnegut, Jr.

Chuck Landau

Cat's Cradle is Vonnegut's fifth book, and as his most popular, if not his best, it certainly deserves recognition

The book itself is 7 inches long, 4¼ inches wide and ½ inch thick. Interestingly enough, it has 127 chapters for 191 pages. This works out to be, roughly, 1½ pages per chapter, making it a rare find for the kind of reader who enjoys a feeling of achievement after finishing each chapter.

Who should read *Cat's Cradle*? People should, all kinds of people! People who love, people who hate...even people who do both, occasionally. It has been said that Vonnegut writes for the young, but actually he writes for everyone willing to read, and perhaps see things more clearly.

For the Imperialistic, a businessman in *Cat's Cradle* advises "The people down there are poor enough and scared enough and ignorant enough to have some common sense!" For those religiously inclined, Vonnegut preaches "Anyone unable to understand how a useful religion can be founded on lies will not be able to understand this book either." To all it warns "All the true things I am about to tell you are shameless lies."

Oh yes. I almost forgot. *Cat's Cradle* also deals with a political coup, science, a new form of sexual deviation and the end of the world. The philosophical musings of that famous seer and prophet Bokonon heat this melting pot of ideas and insanities to its climax (which, incidentally, comes *after* the end of the world!).

Amazingly, everything makes perfect sense. Thank you Mr. Vonnegut for the funniest satire in ten years.

THE PHONE STORE

The phone store is a weekly listing of available services in the city. If you are pregnant or penniless, bleeding or busted, "worried and distressed, can't seem to get no rest," then put our list of immediate services to the test.

1. Number 9 787-2127 649 State St. 24 hrs a day

Free, confidential help for almost anything-- especially if you've OD'd or decide you want to "get off the hook." You should be aware that NH's narcs are not above wiretapping or planting stool pidgeons so be cool.

2. Connecticut Mental Health Center 34 Park Street New Haven 772-3300

Provides temporary psychiatric help and low-cost shrinks. Emergency admittance through Yale New Haven Hospital Emergency Room. Short waiting list for shrinks, graduated fees according to income.

3. State Department of Welfare 188 Bassett St. New Haven 787-6181

Should call for appointment. Bring proof of expenses, (gas & electric bills, rent receipts, and miscellaneous debts) also bring information on family (birth dates of all members, marriage date, etc.). Expect to sit and wait but give your name to receptionist when you go in. They do check bills so be careful. They're thorough. There is no residency requirement. Once you qualify, you can be eligible for just about everything (stove, refrigerator, rent, etc. except living room furniture.)

4. City Department of Health 1 State St. New Haven 562-0151

Free VD tests and treatment. Really ask for nothing more than name and address. You get a blood test (for VD) and medication. Hours are strange--so call first. If you think you might have VD, don't share it. There is sometimes a wait so go early for your appointment.

5. Christian Community Action 556 Congress Ave. 624-2149

See Dave Neering. Has emergency food and some beds. Money in return would be nice.

6. Food Stamps Several locations

Given through State Welfare but it's a federal program. Must qualify in the same manner as welfare (proof of expenses, etc.) Usually can "drop in" and get service. Food Stamp Man frequents CPI neighborhood offices on a set schedule, so call CPI 787-6571, or State Welfare 787-6181, to find out where and when. The richer you sound the fewer food stamps you get.

7. Unemployment Compensation 634 Chapel St. 777-4421

Must have worked "6 out of the past 15 months" Go early (8 A.M.) lines are long and slow-- be sure to get on the right line-- "New and Reopened Claims." There's a line to find that out too. MUST bring "blue slip" (form UCI6A) which is your severance slip from past employer to verify why you left job, before you can get any service. The wait for your first check is 1-2 weeks. If you quit and/or left of your own accord-- there can be a five week penalty, at the discretion of the interviewer. The maximum check is $60.00; you are paid according to what you previously earned. You can collect for up to 26 weeks.

8. Planned Parenthood of Conn. 406 Orange St. 865-4250

Call for appointment. Charges scaled according to income. You need no physical proof of expenses. Say you're married for fewer hassles if you wish. But remember what you tell them. They are really good people. They'll question you on physiological information about yourself, and financial status, etc. You'll get an internal exam and pap smear and pills or whatever on first visit. Fees vary-- but expect to pay $10.00 first visit. Bring cash, it's easier. Plan to wait. There are both day and evening clinics.

9. Bondsman-- Bobby Jacobs 624-4824

Good man. Not hard to find. $5.00 per $100.00. Don't jump bail-- for the sake of the other guy.

10. Lawyer-- Legal aid Association all over city

Whatever you do don't accept one appointed by the state. For private lawyer call VFB office; we might be able to suggest someone.

11. Yale New Haven Hospital Emergency Room 789 Howard Ave. 436-1212f

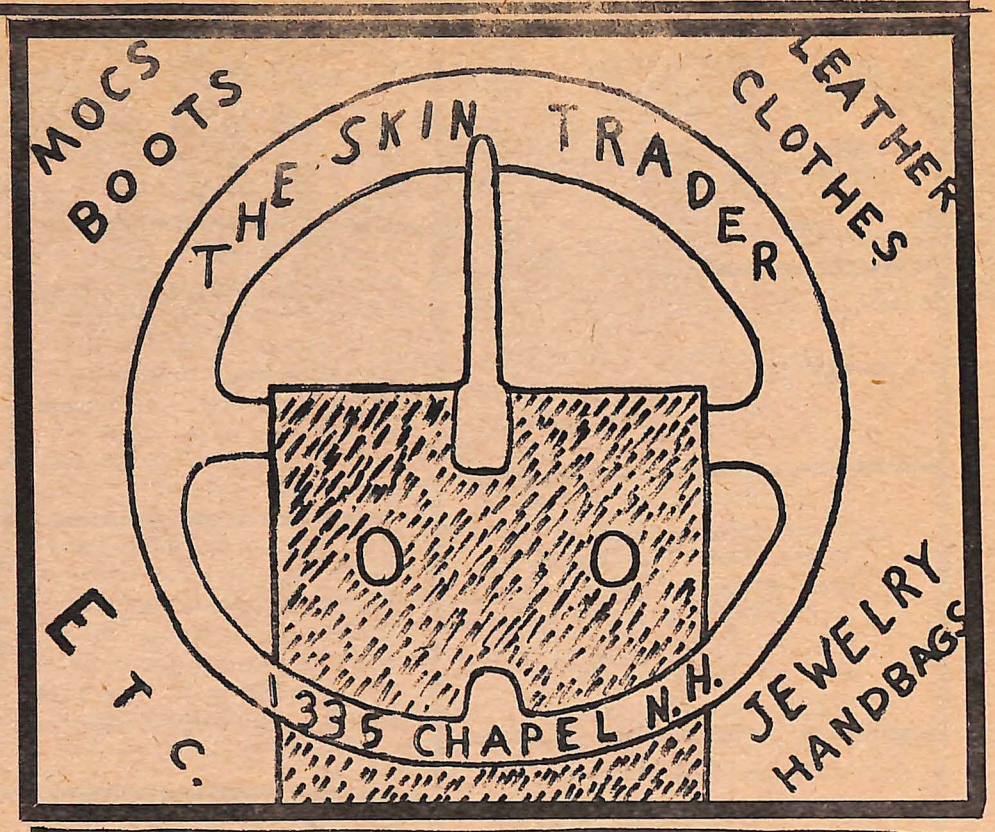
Must be bleeding profusely in 10 places in order to be helped within the first ½ hour you're there. Otherwise plan to go an hour or so before you're hurt--fees are high. If you can wait-- go to clinics (open Office hours). But don't sacrifice life or limb for a few dollars.

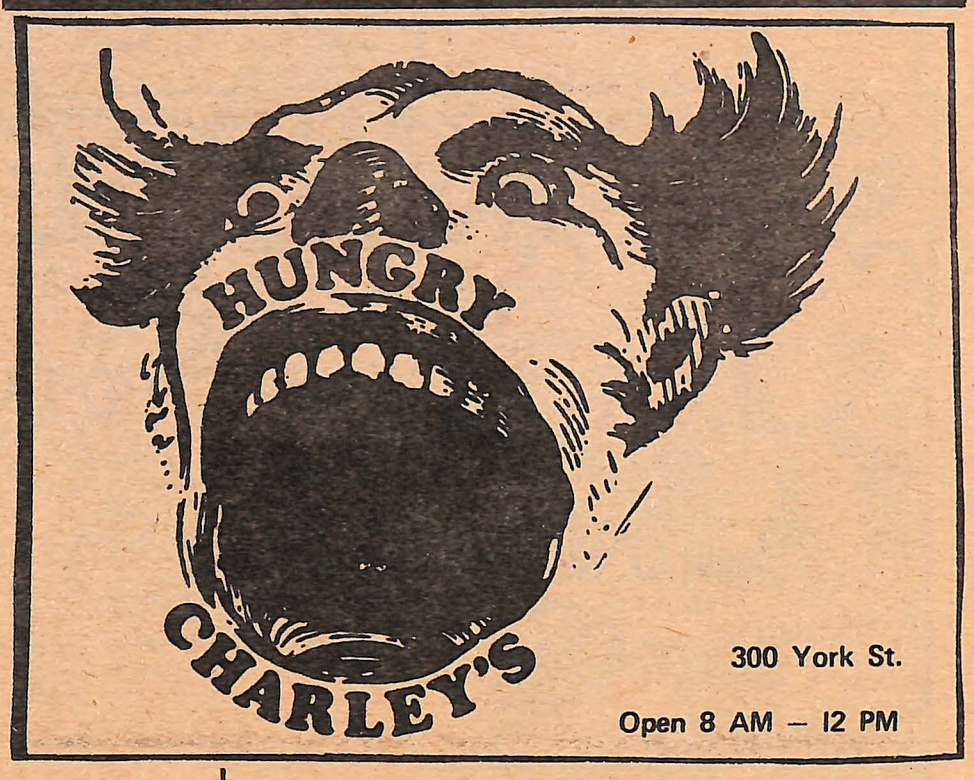
12. Resistance-Draft Action Group 532 State St. 865-4982 afternoons, but call first

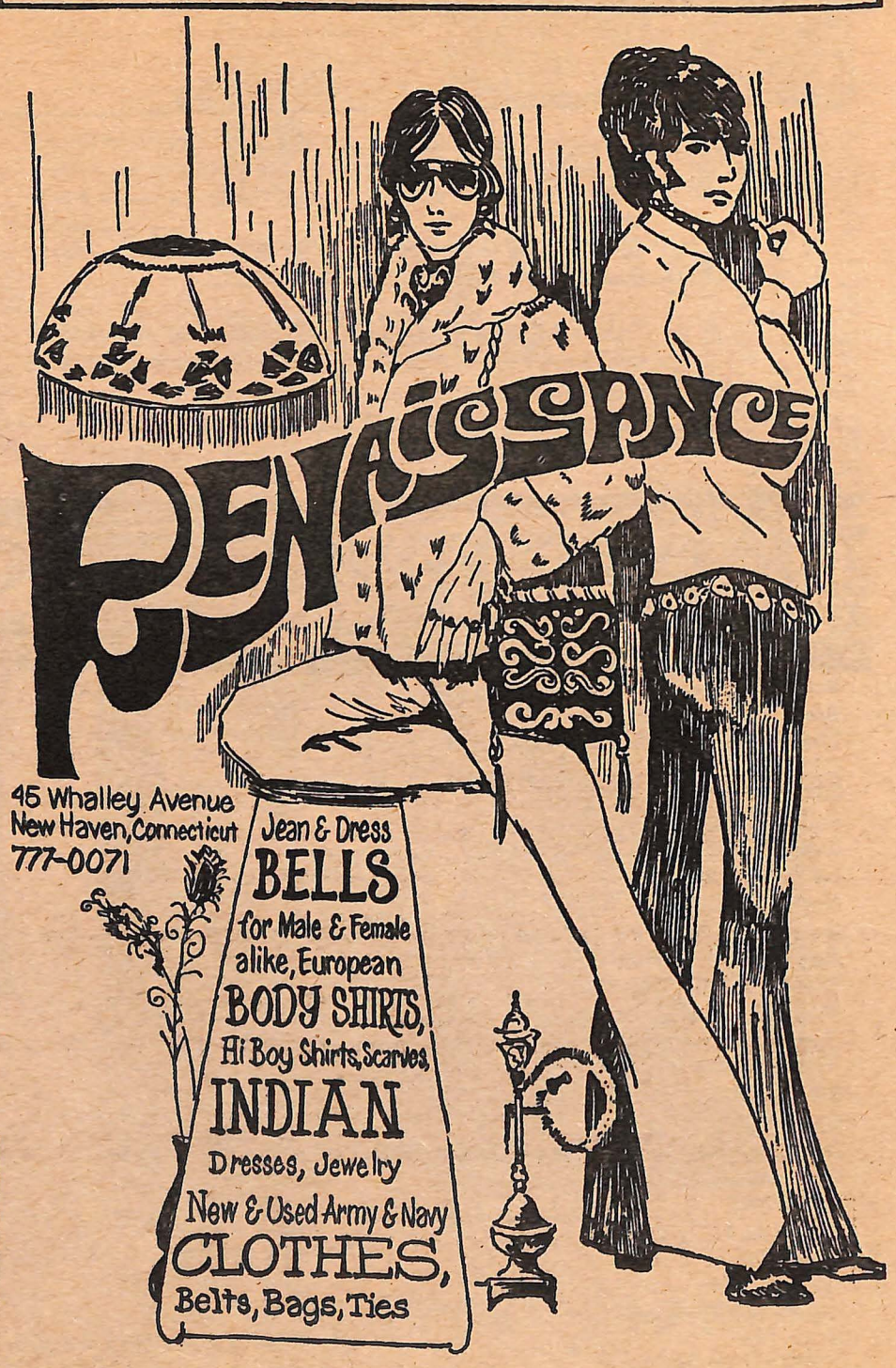
Usually reliable advice on any draft problem. They don't seem to mind telling you how to flunk a physical, get to Canada or get out of the Army once you're in.

13. Draft Info. Center 425 College 624-6657 call first

Good info on obtaining CO status & generally reliable info about administration of the draft law. They don't like to encourage you to break the law however.







BREAD AND ROSES
Coffeehouse OPEN 538 State St.

HALLOWEEN PARTY
Halloween night at BREAD & ROSES, 538 State St. Hot cider & donuts free penny candy. Music will be provided by 2 Jeffs on guitar & bass.

Experienced gamba player desires expanding early music consciousness in New Haven Call 865-6222, also if you know of any used organ pipes for cheap.

If you don't mind modelling for nothing else but the chance to see yourself in someone else's mind, call Judi Landis at 865-9737, guy and girl together or two girls; Yale art grad, whatever that means...

For Sale-- 1964 Studebaker $275.00 Call Leonard Sampson, 865-2382 9 AM to 5 PM.

Astrological manuscript seeking head publisher -- Swami Swananda 1219 Powhatan St. Alexandria, Va. (703) 836-2070

Wanted: One (1) REAL PERSON (Female) to share 3½ room apartment with male student (25). Light housekeeping, conjugal relations optional. No homos or junkies please. Call 776-0359 before 10:30 AM or between 4-5 PM.

Help...we're buried by a deluge of quiet ideas without enough people to sort them out, come form our thing with us, it's a good time and something to find yourself in...We're open sometimes at 865-2486.

Wanted: Good, used furniture, free. Call Paul 1-735-0897

Albert Abend, PC Akwai, Neal Beck, Mark & Mary Caliendo, Tom Cole, Bill Crawford, Joan Dimow, Jerry Evans, Flute, John Foster, Ginny Gardiner, Joe Gelles, Paul Glassin, Bill Hillman, Marsh Hoke, C. R. Lawn, Robyn Lewis, Alan McKnight, W. Madd Wyllie, Donna McNally, Anne Murray, Patti Murray, Aggie Vandermieren, Jim Meade, Mick Mercier, Peter Moncure, Al Riccio, Noel Statter, Don Steed, Sandy Sidar, Judy Visockis.

Socialist Committee of Correspondence, favoring a democratic, scientific approach to socialist revolution, to be organized in New Haven. Learn-Talk-Act with us. Paul Sandahl, 389-4405.

For Sale: 1966 VW Van. Great for conversion to camper -- $650
1968 Husgvarna 250cc Motocross Ride enduros or scrambles -- $600
776-8432, after 5:00 PM.

Index VFB for the Alternative Press Index. Contact VFB, 865-2486.

For Sale: 1966 VW Van. Great for conversion to camper. $650. Also 1968 Husqvarna 250cc Motocross. Ride enduros or scrambles. $600. Call 776-8432 after 5PM.

For sale: 1967 Honda Scrambler, $450. Call 1-734-3906.

For sale: 1960 Thunderbird with four new tires. $150. Call Marc, 1-734-3906.

MARCH MARCH MARCH
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WASHINGTON
NOV 15

I want to buy reservations for Washington. Chartered buses (leaving New Haven Green about 2 a.m. Saturday morning):

Adults	$15	I would like	_____ adult
Children (under 12)	$12.50		_____ children
Teens (13-19)	$13.50		_____ teen

Enclosed find $ _____

Tickets will be sent upon receipt of money. No reservations can be made without payment. All seats on buses must be reserved in advance.

checks made payable to Committee for the Fall Offensive
148 Orange Street 787-0123.

PAPER PUSHERS

Bookworld 1143 Chapel
Bread and Roses 538 State
Chapel Book Exchange 1130 Chapel
College Book Store (Orange and Court)
Cutlers II 31 Broadway
Exit 425 College St.
Group W Bench 76 Edgewood
Liverpool 280 York
New York Deli 1207 Chapel
R-dee-R 1404 Whalley
Renaissance 45 Whalley
Skintrader 1335 Chapel
Westville Music Center Whalley
Yale Coop 77 Broadway
Yale News Stand

BRANFORD
Constrictor
Daffodil Barrel
World of Music

CHESHIRE
California I

HAMDEN
Current Crafts
Cherry Hill Pharmacy
Music Box
Custom Dress Boutique

HARTFORD
I Thou Book Store
Kamala
Sandal Shop
UFO Shop

MERIDEN
Music Box
Fever Tree

NEWINGTON
The Doll Factory

NEW BRITAIN
Image Boutique

SPRINGFIELD
UFO Shop

WEST HAVEN
Etcetera II

WESTPORT
Rage Records

STRATFORD
The Know Place

WALLINGFORD
Underground Illuminating Co.

The Advocate Press
75 DAGGETT ST., NEW HAVEN, CONN. 06511. (203) 777-0900.

Readers; take note

Gentlemen:

The American Legion men will really snicker at this issue's "Brief Poem" --just up their alley. It's a big joke when men force themselves on women; it's even funnier when women are raped-- "Please don't, O please, O...."

Only in male pornography do women enjoy being FORCED. That's not sex, that's the same kind of indifferent brutal power used against Blacks, G.I's, and poor people.

You're very interested in this society's oppression of Blacks, Soldiers, Poor People and Hippies-- indeed, that is what your newspaper is about--but you're not so interested in yourselves as the oppressors of women, *are you?*

Carol Lashine and Harriet Wolff
of New Haven Women's Liberation

SEE NOVEMBER PLEASURES DO

MARK CALIENDO

Thurs. Oct. 30
*Talk- "Homosexuality and the Student"- Dwight Hall (Yale)-8:00
Music-Bread & Roses
Flick-"The Victors"-The Exit-7:30 + 9:30- $.75
Flick-"The Girl Who Returned" (69)
Bluegrass-The Enormous Room-8:30

Fri. Oct. 31
*Radio Show-"War of the Worlds" (Orson Welles) - on WYBC 8:00-9:00
Flick-"Frankenstein" (31) Boris Karloff
Movies-Bread & Roses
Dixieland-The Enormous Room-9:00
Music-Children of God + Randy Burns-the Exit-9:00
Music-Ice Nine- Branford College (Yale) - 9:00
HALLOWEEN ON THE GREEN
everybody come (clean) -- see the spirits move

Sat. Nov. 1
*BLADDERBALL GAME—ALL INTERESTED IN PARTICIPATING IN VFB TEAM MEET ON COLLEGE ST. SIDE OF THE GREEN AT 9:00 AM—BRING SHIRT TO BE STENCILLED' MUSIC AT THE GAME BY THE ICE NINE'
Flick-"The Masque of the Red Death" (64) Vincent Price
Music-Children of God + Randy Burns-the Exit- 9:00
Folk-swid + others- the Enormous Room- 8:30
Rock-Ice Nine- Trumbull College (Yale)- 9:00

Sun. Nov. 2
*Flick (Workshop) - The Political Film + Social Change 3:00- Hastings Hall, Yale Art & Architecture building., corner of York and Chapel
Folk Dancing- 165 Elm. St. - 8:00
Electric Jam- the Exit- 7:30
*Folk Mass- St. Thomas More (Park St.) 7:00

Mon. Nov. 3
Greatest Show on Earth?-New Haven Board of Alderman's Meeting- Chamber of City Hall - 8:00 PM
*Resistance Dinner- bring food- the Enormous Room- 6:00
Flick- "The Lady Vanishes"- (38) Hitchcock
Music- Bass by Benanto- the Exit- 9:00

Tues. Nov. 4
*ELECTION DAY— VOTE FOR RUFUS— pull the top lever (or any other lever) until it BREAKS!
Flick-"The Personal Diaries of Jonas Mekas" (66)
Folk + Jazz- the Exit - 9:00

Wed. Nov. 5
Flick-"Northwest Passage" (40) Spencer Tracy
Chamber Music- the Enormous Room- 8:30
Lunar Voyage- the Exit- 9:00

Thurs. Nov. 6
Flick-"Hell is for Heroes" (62) Steve McQueen
Music-Bread &Roses
Flick- the Exit- 7:30 + 9:00
Bluegrass-the Enormous Room- 8:30

Fri. Nov. 7
Flick-"General della Rovere" (60) Vittorio de Sica
Rock-Cracked Wheat- Underground Co., Rt. 5, Wallingford
Roomfull of Blues- The Exit- 9:00
Folk- swid + others- the Enormous Room- 8:30
*Regional Meeting of Engineers and Scientists for Peace 8:00PM, 199 Church St.

Sat. Nov. 8
Flick- "Viridiana" (61) Bunuel
Folk-Underground Co., Rt. 5, Wallingford
Roomfull of Blues- the Exit- 9:00
Folk-swid + others- the Enormous Room- 8:30

Sun. Nov. 9
*Folk Mass- St. Thomas More (Park St.) 7:00
Folk Dancing-165 Elm St. - 8:00
Electric Jam + Early Morning Experiment - the Exit - 7:30

Mon. Nov. 10
Flick-"The Red + the White" (67) Jancso
*Resistance Dinner-Bring Food- the Enormous Room- 6:00
Songs + Poetry - the Exit- 9:00

Tues. Nov. 11
Flick- "The Flower Thief" (61) Ron Rice
Folk + Jazz- the Exit- 9:00

Wed. Nov. 12
Flick-"Rio Grande" (50) John Wayne
Chamber Music- the Enormous Room- 8:30
Rock- the Exit- 9:00

Thurs. Nov. 13
Flick- "Rebecca" (40) Hitchcock
Flick- the Exit- 7:30 + 9:00
Bluegrass- the Enormous Room- 8:30
Music- Bread & Roses

Fri. Nov. 14
Flick-"Hakari" (62) John Wayne
Rock- BLAKE STREET GUT BAND - Underground Co., Rt. 5, Wallingford
Dixieland- the Enormous Room- 9:00
Folk - the Exit - 9:00
Movies- Bread & Roses

Sat. Nov. 15
WASHINGTON memorial parade for Rufus
Flick- "I Vitelloni" (53) Fellini
Folk-Underground Co., Rt. 5, Wallingford
Rock-the Exit- 9:00
Folk- swid + others- the Enormous Room 8:30

Sun. Nov. 16
*Folk Mass- St. Thomas More (Park St.) 7:00
*Flick (Workshop)- Social + Political aspects of cinema 3:00 Hastings Hall, Yale Art & Architecture Building
Folk Dancing- 165 Elm St. - 8:00
Blues Magoos - the EXIT- 9:00

Mon. Nov. 17
Resistance Dinner-bring food-the Enormous Room-6:00
Flick- "Viva Zapata" (52) - Marlon Brando, Anthony Quinn

*freebees
note: unless otherwise noted, all flicks are in Linsly-Chittenden Hall, 59 High St., at 7:00 + 9:30

Celebrated Points of Interest in New Haven for the First Half of November (all *free*)

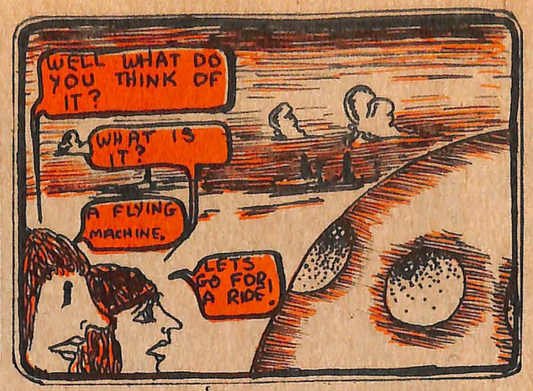
1. West Rock Nature Center- native small animal zoo- daily 9AM-6PM
2. Photo Exhibit (C. Bronson Weed) Central Library, 133 Elm St., starts Nov. 3
3. Hamden Dump- Wintergreen (near Armory), Mon-Sat., 8AM-4PM
4. Yale Collection of Musical Instruments- 15 Hillhouse Thurs+Sun. 2-5PM
5. Peabody Museum, 170 Whitney Ave, Free on Mon, Wed, Fri., only
6. Flea Market, 490 Boulevard, Sundays 7Am- 3PM
7. Bingo-Knights of Columbus Hall, Rogers St., Branford, Thurs nights
8. Branford Trolley Museum- River St. (near the Green) East Haven Sundays 1-5PM
9. Farmers Market- 490 Boulevard, Saturdays 7AM- 3Pm

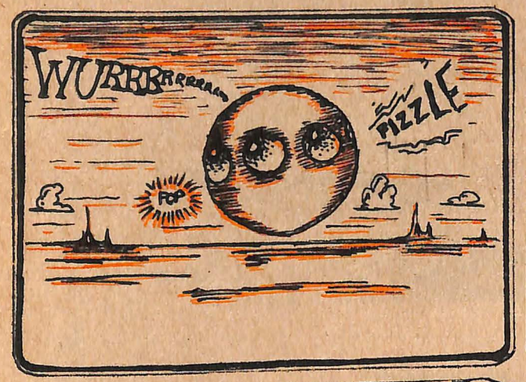
ANOTHER
R·dee·R
entertain
ments
PRESENTATION

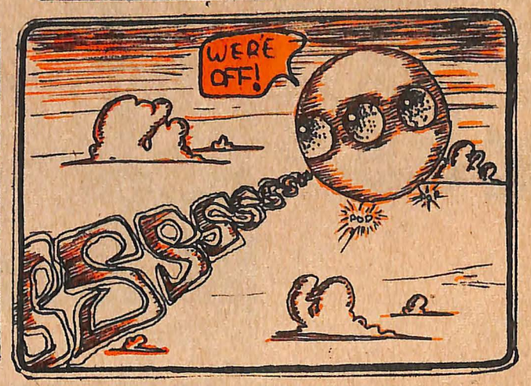
THE MARBLE COLLECTION

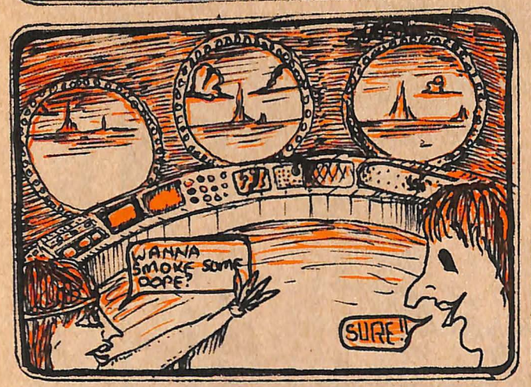
TO BOOK: 389-5131

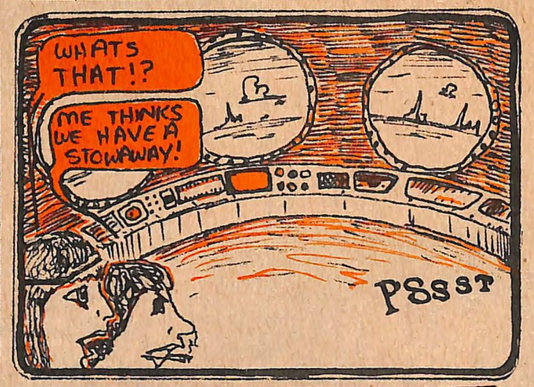
PLEASE—ANYONE WHO KNOWS OF ANY INTERESTING EVENTS OR PLACES FOR THE VFB PLEASURES PAGE— SEND INFO TO *CALENDAR*, VFB, 532 State St., New Haven, Conn.

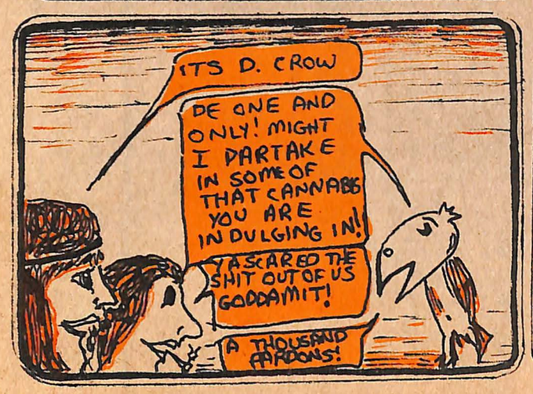


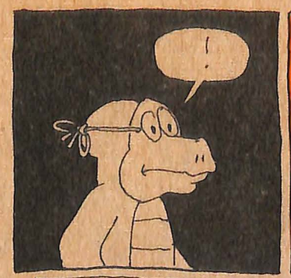




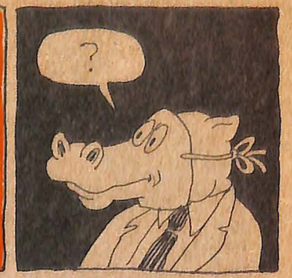
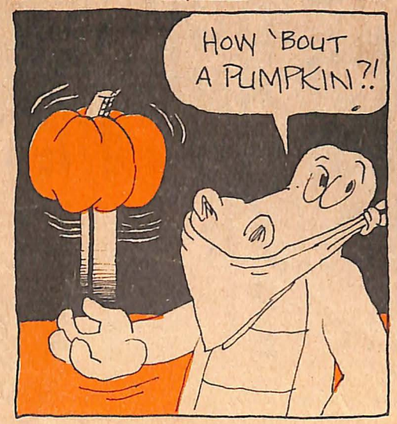
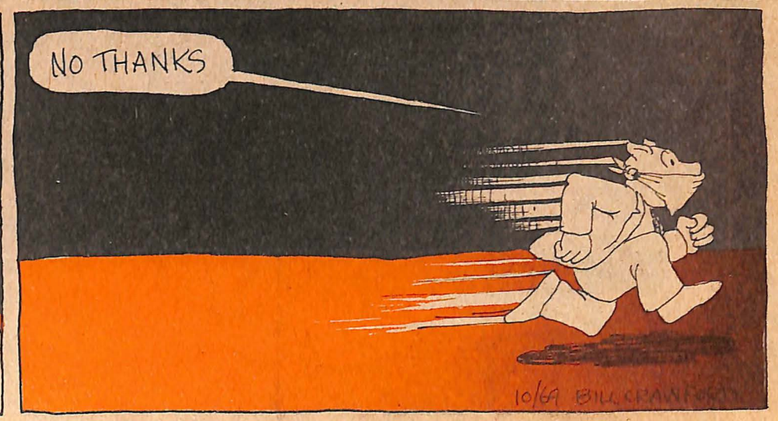








RUFUS

THE INERADICABLE RADICAL REPTILE

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